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# STEPHEN KING THE STAND



**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
1 of 6  
PARENTAL ADVISORY

*The Night Has Come*

AGUIRRE-SACASA

PERKINS

MARTIN

# STEPHEN KING THE STAND

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**Special Thanks to CHUCK VERRILL, MARSHA DEFILIPPO, BRIAN STARK, JIM NAUSEDAS, SANA AMANAT, CHARLIE BECKERMAN, ARUNE SINGH, LAUREN SANKOVITCH and JEFF SUTER.**

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## PREVIOUSLY IN THE STAND

Four months ago, a flu-like virus swept through the world, killing off 99% of the population. Now, it's up to the survivors to piece together a new life in a world that has moved on.

The Boulder Free Zone is populated by those united by cautious hope, and drawn to the light and wisdom of Mother Abigail. But a shadow has been cast by an insidious alliance between residents Harold Lauder and Nadine Cross, whose loyalties lie with the Dark Man known as Randall Flagg. After weeks of preparation, Harold and Nadine coordinate an explosion intended to decimate the Free Zone's leaders.

Instead, the timing of the blast coincides with Mother Abigail's sudden return from a grueling spiritual quest in the wild. What could have been a massacre is merely a tragedy, taking the lives of revered Free Zone leaders Nick Andros and Susan Stern.

Now prepared to meet her creator, Mother Abigail delivers her final words to a room of rapt listeners. She instructs four of them to journey west toward Las Vegas, to the Dark Man, to make their stand.

In Las Vegas, Flagg's own followers rebuild and prepare for confrontation. Harold and Nadine have fled Boulder to join them. But two spies from the Free Zone are already living among them, and a third is on his way...





SEPTEMBER 7TH

All along the eastern border of Oregon, the Park Man set his guardposts.

The largest was at Ontario, where I-80 crosses over from Idaho.

In Copperfield, Bobby Terry and his partner Pave Roberts had set up shop in a five-and-dime; Oregon Highway 88 just outside their door.

The man they were looking for was approximately 70 years old, balding, and driving a white over-blue jeep.

The squadron of guards, Bobby included, had received their orders from the Walkin Dude himself.

He's a spy from the other side and I want him. I want to send his head back over the mountains before the snow flies.

Kill him on sight, but don't hit him in the head. No blood or bruise above the Adam's apple. I don't want to send back damaged goods.

Flagg roared with horrible laughter when he said that--

--though no one else did because they knew:

The penalty for failure or disobedience was crucifixion.

Wha--?

A blue Scout zipping by, splashing up muddy sheets of rainwater.

Hot damn...

Dave?  
Dave, wake  
the hell  
up--

The Judge clutched his steering wheel grimly, trying to pretend there was no such thing as arthritis, especially not in this miserable rain.

The first three days of his journey, he'd struggled along I-80, clogged with dead cars. By Rawlins, he'd had enough and switched to secondary roads.

The farther from Boulder he got, the more the Judge's loneliness grew, and the more certain he became that he would never see the Free Zone again.

He thought, *This is how Cain must have felt when God exiled him to the land of Nod.*

Aw,  
crap...

The night of September 4th, when he was fully in the west, the Judge spent the night in New Meadows--

--and a rather unsettling thing happened.

Dusk found him warm and comfortable for the first time in a week; he was reading, when--

Tap, tap, tap:  
at the window.



The Judge's old  
heart staggered  
in his chest--

This was it,  
his cover  
was blown--



But it was  
just a crow.

Seeming, almost,  
to be grinning  
at him.



It came to the Judge  
with a dreamy, terrible  
certainty...

That this crow was the Park  
Man, his soul, his ka, somehow  
projected into a rain-soaked,  
grinning bird...



Staring at him with  
those red-rimmed  
eyes, growing ever  
larger...



It thinks it's hypnotizing me,  
the Judge thought, and maybe  
it is, but if I could kill him...

Trap his ka--if there is  
such a thing--inside a  
dead bird's body...





*Roberts fired through his pocket, catching the Judge in his midsection--*



*Panicking, Bobby fired wild and caught Roberts in the throat, tearing most of it out--*



*My arthritis is gone, thought the Judge stupidly, lifting the Garland that now seemed to weigh a thousand pounds--*



*None of the men noticed the crow that had fluttered down to a wire on the far side of the road...*



*Nerves completely shot, Bobby fired three times, two bullets catching the Judge just above his right eye and below his lower lip--*

**BLAMM  
BLAMM**



*A few moments of silence, then, except for the rain...*



*I--I did it! Shoot-out at the O.K. Corral! Ole Bobby Terry killed that sneak spy as dead as--*

--09--



*With dawning terror, Bobby remembered the Park Man's words: Kill him, but don't hit him in the head.*

Oh,  
Lord...

*Bobby looked at the Judge--*



*Even his teeth were gone...*

*It was over for him in the west now, Bobby Terry knew. He would either wind up riding a telephone bareback or...something worse.*

*Was there something worse?*

*Down south, that was the answer. He would go to Mexico or Guatemala or Nicaragua or--*

Huh?

*Bobby was hearing a new sound, suddenly, through the rainy afternoon. A strange...clocking sound, like rundown bootheels hammering on the pavement--*

*Bearing down on him, fast--*

No,  
Please.

*Bobby began to turn around--*



Flagg was coming at him like some terrible horror monster out of the scariest picture ever made--



"No," Bobby Terry tried to say, but nothing came out.



A hungry, voracious grin revealed huge tombstone--huge shark--teeth--

Shiny black crow feathers fluttered from Flagg's hair--

Hey, Bobby Terry, you scrooved it up!!!



In turned out...there were worse things than crucifixion.

There were teeth.

**SEPTEMBER 8TH.  
LAS VEGAS.**



*Payna Jurgens had been in Vegas eight days and, as far as she could tell, she was a fully accepted member of the community.*

*So much so, in fact, that she was sharing Lloyd Henneid's bed. (Gathering information all the while.)*



*Tonight, they talked about the Judge. Somehow, Flagg had found him out--the Judge was dead--but...it had gone wrong. The job had been botched, somehow.*



*Still, Payna had to wonder: If Flagg had known about the Judge, didn't it stand to reason that he knew about her?*

*This man they called the Walkin Pude, the Great There/Not-there...*

Old Creeping Judas...



*Keep it together, sweetie. He encourages the mumbo-jumbo. It makes him look taller.*



What are you looking at, out there?

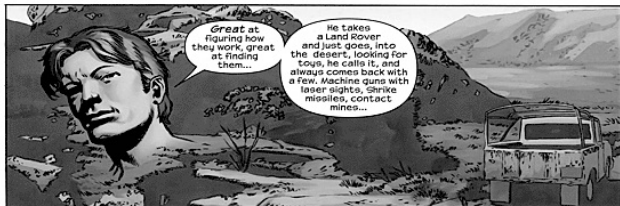
*The airbase, she reminded herself. Ask Lloyd about the airbase.*

And smile, girl.

Indian Springs... Now's it going out there?





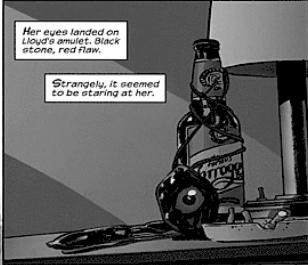


*They made love, then. (As always, Payna faked her orgasm.) Afterwards, as they drifted to sleep, she glanced over at Lloyd's night table...*



*Her eyes landed on Lloyd's amulet. Black stone, red flaw.*

*Strangely, it seemed to be staring at her.*



*Payna had the sudden horrible feeling that it was his eye, staring at her as the Eye of Sauron had stared at Frodo from the dark Fastness of Barad-Dur, in Mordor, where shadows lie...*



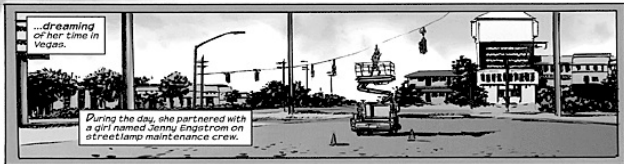
*It sees me, she thought in the defenseless moment before slumber overtook her. More: it sees through me...*

*Then she was asleep...*



*...dreaming of her time in Vegas.*

*During the day, she partnered with a girl named Jenny Engstrom on streetlamp maintenance crew.*



She liked Jenny, who was an ex-nightclub dancer, a lot, and it confused her that Jenny was on the Park Man's side. In fact, Fauna was shocked at how friendly, hard-working, and even-tempered all the folks in Vegas were.



Germany in 1938, she thought. The Nazis? Oh, they're charming people. Very athletic. They don't go for the nightclubs, the nightclubs are for tourists. What do they do? They make clocks--

That's when she saw him--or thought she saw him.



Among a group of people walking from a bus stop--

A wide, smiling, wondering face looking up at her--



Dear God in heaven, is that Tom Cullen?

Would they send simple Tom? Would they? That's so insane it's almost-- almost sane.

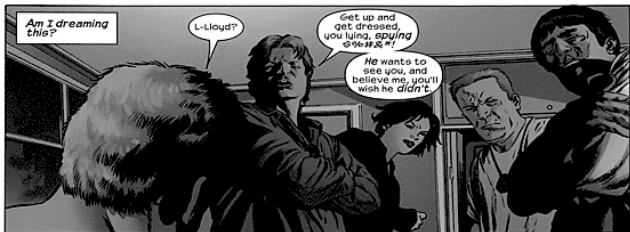


Then Jenny was calling up to her: "Hey, Jurgens, what happened...?"

...did you fall asleep up there?

Wake up!  
Wake up,  
you lying,  
treacherous  
spy!





Am I dreaming this?

L-Lloyd?

Get up and get dressed, you lying, spying 杂碎!!

He wants to see you, and believe me, you'll wish he didn't.



Okay, so it was no dream. This was it. This was going to be her *one* chance.

I don't get dressed in front of any man and I'm not putting on a floorshow. I'll go into the bathroom--



The hell you will--

Lloyd, leave it. She's not going to do anything.

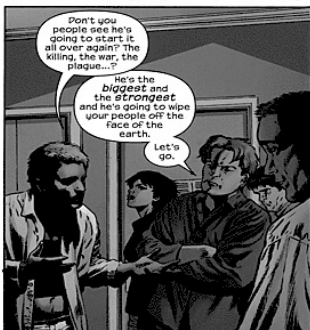
There's no window to jump out of in there, right?



There wasn't. But it was where Payna hid her knife and its spring-clip whenever she spent the night with Lloyd.

Hurry up, slut! Hurry up or I'll shoot the lock out of the door!

You were the crappiest lover I ever had, Lloyd, and I gave you VP--



Don't you people see he's going to start it all over again? The killing, the war, the plague...?

He's the biggest and the strongest and he's going to wipe your people off the face of the earth.

Let's go.

The group walked Payna through the casino, but stopped outside Flagg's office, in a reception area, and sent her in alone...



Right before they came face-to-face, Payna thought: I am afraid, but all he can take from me is something I would have to give up someday anyhow--my life. I will not let him make me less than I am, and if I die, I will die well.



Why, he's my age!

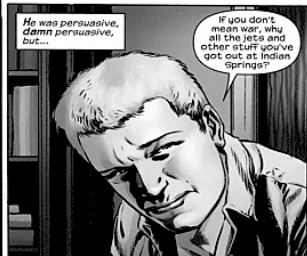
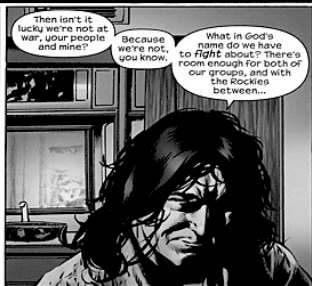
H-h-hello...



What did you expect, a vampire? A skin-turner?

Come in, sit down, I'll join you, the floor will be fine...









Lloyd?

Yeah, right here.

Will you have Payna's bike gassed and tuned up and left in front of the hotel? She's going to be leaving us.

Yes.



That's it? I can just... go?



That's all. It's been a pleasure.



Her hand was brushing the doorknob, she was about to leave, when Flagg said:

Oh, there is one more...very minor thing.



There's one more of your people over here.

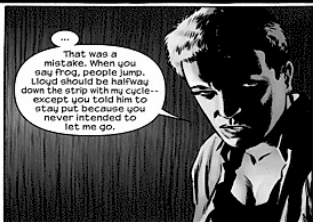
Now who might that be...?



Tom Cullen! It was Tom Cullen!

How...how in the world would I know?







*Because I  
can't see it!*

*Randall Flagg was gone;  
she was with the Walkin  
Pude now--*



*This was her  
chance--*

*The spring  
knife--*

*I'll tell  
you--*

*She meant to gut  
him, slit out his  
intestines--*



*Oh, my  
dear!*

*What do  
you have  
there?*



*Payna looked  
stupidly down  
at her hand--*



*you'll tell!  
Oh yes indeedy  
you'll tell!*



*And Payna knew  
he was right--*

So she whirled away from him quickly--  
so quickly that even the Park Man was  
surprised--and threw herself against  
the office's window-wall--



NO!!!



It was Tom I saw and you can't  
feel him or whatever it is you do  
because he's different, he's--

Flagg's hands were on her shoulders;  
he was going to drag her in and make  
her tell, however long it took--



In the end, Pauna Jurgens  
killed herself by whipping  
her head to the right so  
that a razor-sharp jag of  
glass plunged deep into  
her throat--

She was gone  
in seconds, and  
in triumph.



What the Park Man  
dragged back into  
the office was only  
a bleeding sack.





Belowing his rage, Flagg kicked Payna's remains around the room--



Sparks began to jump from his hair--



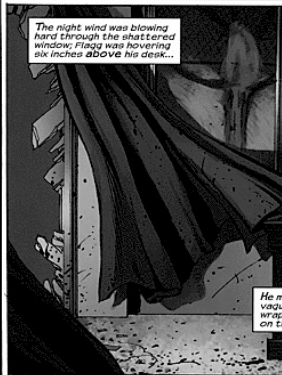
He belowed and kicked... kicked and belowed...for a looong while--



Outside the office, Lloyd and the others grew pale, thinking disquieting thoughts.

First the Judge, now this woman... Both dead and neither had talked. And neither (it sounded like) were unmarked as the Park Man had wanted. Things were going wrong...

At last, Lloyd--and Lloyd alone--was summoned into the office.



The night wind was blowing hard through the shattered window; Flagg was hovering six inches above his desk...



Lloyd?  
Get rid of that.

He meant the huddled, vaguely human form wrapped in a drape on the floor.



What was left of  
Payna Jurgens.

O-okay.  
Should I...do  
anything with  
the head?

Take the whole  
thing out to the east  
of town and douse it in  
gasoline and burn the  
damn thing. Do you  
hear me? **Burn it.**

And  
Lloyd?

W-w-what?

The key I  
gave you in  
Phoenix...?

Keep it  
handy...

The time is  
coming...

SEPTEMBER 10TH.

Just north of Vegas's hotel district, Tom Cullen was playing "airplane" with a ten-year-old boy named Pinny McCarthy.

Fly me higher, Tom! Fly me some more!

No, you'll puke if I do! Laws yes!

Dinny's "mother" that week, Angie Hirschfield, was keeping an eye on him, sitting with a young woman who had drifted into Vegas five weeks before.

I think Dinny likes Tom Cullen more than anyone else in town. Tom's simple, but--

Did he come in with another man? A dummy? A deaf-and-dummy?

A deaf-mute, you mean? No, Tom came in alone, about a week and a half ago. He was with those other people in their Zone, but they drove him out.

The girl thought of Pepto-Bismol in a bottle. She thought of a scrawled note that said: We don't need you.

That had been back in Kansas, a thousand years ago. She had shot at a retard and a deaf-dummy...

WE DON'T NEED YOU

Julie? You all right?

Julie Lawry didn't answer. She was staring at Tom Cullen, beginning to smile...

TO BE CONTINUED!

# THE BOULDER FREE ZONE SPIES

In *The Stand: Hardcases*, the organizing committee of the Boulder Free Zone decided to send three members of their community to Randall Flagg's outpost in Las Vegas, Nevada. Their mission would be to join the Dark Man's people; their purpose, to gain intelligence about the goings-on in Vegas. Despite knowing that they might never return, the three recruited spies set out bravely to fulfill their assignment.



## Tom Cullen

**Hometown:**

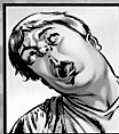
May, Oklahoma

**First appearance:**

*The Stand: Soul Survivors #1*

**"Hooray for me! Hooray for Tom Cullen!"**

When Nick Andros met Tom Cullen, he mistook him for a dead man. As it happened, Tom was merely unconscious. Unable to read or write, Tom made up in good will and intentions what he lacked in mental capacity. Not long after forming their alliance, Nick determined that Tom's occasional "blackouts" were actually similar to a hypnotic state, during which Tom experienced unusual mental clarity and insight. Despite the Free Zone Committee's hesitation to send someone of Tom's limited abilities into a life-threatening situation, they ultimately determined that Tom's surface deficiencies might be the very thing to offer him the greatest protection. Now, of the three Free Zone spies, Tom is the only one who remains alive.



# In Memory



## Judge Farris

**Hometown:**

Joliet, Illinois

**First appearance:**

*The Stand: Hardcases #2*

**"...and in the end, we can only be captains of our own souls."**

Judge Farris joined the group of travelers that began with Larry, Nadine and Joe. On their journey to meet their fellow survivors in Boulder, Lucy Swann sought The Judge's guidance about her relationship with Larry and her concerns about Nadine. Later, when The Boulder Free Zone Committee set to the agonizing task of choosing their three operatives, they knew that the Judge's age would make him a physically vulnerable choice—but more importantly, it would help him deflect suspicion. Stu steeled himself to propose to the Judge that he become a spy; instead, the Judge volunteered before Stu had a chance to ask.





# In Memory



## Dayna Jurgens

**Hometown:**

Xenia, Ohio

**First appearance:**

*The Stand: Soul Survivors #3*

**"If I die, I will die well."**

After the super-flu epidemic, Dayna Jurgens left her hometown in the company of two men. They were ambushed by another group who killed Dayna's companions and took her prisoner into what they called their "harem." When Fran, Stu, Harold and Glenn encountered the group, a bloody firefight ensued and the women were freed. Dayna was the first to break their silence and tell their story. Later, as the Free Zone spies were chosen, Sue Stern explained why they should send Dayna into harm's way. Simply put, said Sue, "she's got more guts than any woman I know."



# SCRIPT TO FINAL

PAGE TWO.

## PANEL ONE.

Cut to: The Judge, gripping his steering wheel tightly, grimacing at the pain in his joints. He's bumping along as he rides...

CAPTION: "Dave? Dave, wake the hell up--"

CAPTION: The Judge clutched his steering wheel grimly, trying to pretend there was no such thing as arthritis, especially not in this miserable rain.

## PANEL TWO.

Now we're outside the jeep, looking at it as it zips along the highway, in profile, heading ever west, pushing through the rain

CAPTION: The first three days of his journey, he'd struggled along I-80, clogged with dead cars. By Rawlins, he'd had enough and took to secondary roads.

CAPTION: The farther from Boulder he got, the more the Judge's loneliness grew, and the more certain he became that he would never see the Free Zone again.

## PANEL THREE.

We're swung around so we're kind of behind the Judge, so that we're looking at the back of his head, and also at what the Judge is looking at, through the rain, which is: a clogged throng of cars, ahead of him, blocking his path...

CAPTION: He thought, This is how Cain must have felt when God exiled him to the land of Nod.

JUDGE: (to himself) Aw, crap...

## PANEL FOUR.

Cut to: A flashback, Mike. We're looking at the parking lot of a run-down motel, the Ranchland Motel. The Judge's jeep is parked in front of the single-level, Bates-like motel... It's raining; all the motel rooms are dark, except for one, which has a yellow kerosene lamp glowing in the window...

CAPTION: The night of September 4th, when he was fully in the West, the Judge spent the night in New Meadows--

## PANEL FIVE.

Take us inside the Judge's motel room. He is relaxing, in his t-shirt and boxer shorts, lying on his bed, a battery-operated heater blowing on him, as he reads a thick law textbook. (That's on the left-hand side of the panel.) On the right, we see a window and the room's door, leading to the outside world. (NOTE: The Judge's rifle is resting next to the bed, within easy reach...) Something, hard to see what at this point, is tapping at the window...

CAPTION: --and a rather unsettling thing happened.

CAPTION: Dusk found him warm and comfortable for the first time in a week; he was reading, when--

CAPTION: Tap, tap, tap: at the window.



**PAGE THREE.**

**PANEL ONE.**

In this panel, we're looking at the Judge, who is freaking out. He has dropped his book and is scrambling to reach his rifle, not taking his eyes from the off-panel window--

**CAPTION:** The Judge's old heart staggered in his chest--

**CAPTION:** This was it, his cover was blown--

**PANEL TWO.**

Now shifting the focus to the motel room's window from the Judge's POV. So that we're looking at a crow, sitting on the outside sill, drenched and soaked, staring back at the off-panel Judge... As you can imagine, Mike, there is something malevolent about this bird, which seems to be smiling, almost...

**CAPTION:** But it was just a crow.

**CAPTION:** Seeming, almost, to be grinning at him.

**PANEL THREE.**

Back to the Judge, more of a close-up on him, from the off-panel crow's POV, now holding his rifle, but not pointed at the bird, across his chest. An expression of strange comprehension washing over his face...

**CAPTION:** It came to the Judge with a dreamy, terrible certainty...

**CAPTION:** That this crow was the dark man, his soul, his ka, somehow projected into a rain-soaked, grinning bird...

**PANEL FOUR.**

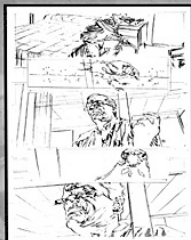
Back to the crow. More of a close-up on the bird, staring back at the off-panel Judge, its gaze unwavering, its red-rimmed eyes larger than before, its smile more pronounced and evil, a Flagg-like aura radiating from the crow.

**CAPTION:** Staring at him with those red-rimmed eyes, growing ever larger...

**PANEL FIVE.**

Back to the Judge; more of a close-up on him. He's sweating. He is, as the caption suggests, being hypnotized by the crow--and fighting (with his will) falling under Flagg's spell. And, as he told Larry previously, he's clever, so the Judge is coming out on top...

**CAPTION:** It thinks its hypnotizing me, the Judge thought, and maybe it is, but if I could kill him... Trap his ka--if there is such a thing--inside a dead bird's body...



**PAGE FOUR.**

**PANEL ONE.**

Staying on the Judge—a tight close-up on him. He has just leveled the rifle so that it's pointing right at the off-panel crow. (And at us, the readers The Judge is pulling the trigger, an almost maniacal look in his eye.

**JUDGE:** EAT THIS!

**SFX:** Click!

**CAPTION:** But his rifle's safety was on—

**PANEL TWO.**

Now we're outside the motel's window, looking at the crow, which is taking off (flying into the air, away from the motel) in a panic, its wings spread wide, a sense of mortal terror having seized it—

**CAPTION:** And the crow, seized by a kind of terror, took flight with a strangled—

**CROW:** KAWH!

**PANEL THREE.**

Back inside the motel room, the Judge is relaxing, looking almost sheepish, now that the urgency of the moment has drained out of his body... (He is still holding his rifle, but has lowered it, relieved but also chiding himself...)

**CAPTION:** And the certainty the Judge felt—that it was the dark man, and that he had misjudged the Judge, and the price for that would be his miserable life—fled, too, and the Judge was left feeling dull and stupid...

**PANEL FOUR.**

Now, the flashback is over and we're back in the present, and we have to lay out the scene, Mike, so a little stage-management: From left to right, we have Bobby and Dave's car (Bobby still in the car), then Dave, who has stepped from the car, wearing a raincoat (hands stuffed in his pockets, approaching the Judge), then the Judge, who has stepped from his jeep, holding his rifle, at his side, then the Judge's Scout jeep. Behind them, in the panel's background, an accident that caused a mini traffic jam, which is why the Judge had to stop, allowing Bobby and Dave a chance to catch up...

**CAPTION:** And now here he was, just beyond Copperfield, stopped by a clog of cars, conversing with two good ol' boys who had come up behind him...

**CAPTION:** The Judge experienced, suddenly, a presentiment that it was all about to be over.

**DAVE:** Hey, you won't shoot me with that, will you?

**CAPTION:** In his left-hand pocket, Dave had a .38 Police Special.

**PANEL FIVE.**

The first of three narrow panels at the bottom of the page, on the right-hand side. A close-up on the Judge, who's trying to cover the tension he's feeling.

**JUDGE:** I guess no... Farris is my name...

**JUDGE:** You must have seen me back in Copperfield.

**PANEL SIX.**

A close-up on Bobby Terry, sitting in the passenger's seat, window down, his gun drawn, so that we see it clearly—and we see that it is pointed right at the off-panel Judge.

**CAPTION:** It was at that moment the Judge noticed Bobby Terry in the passenger window of the Willys—

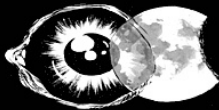
**PANEL SEVEN.**

Back to the Judge for one last, quick close-up, as he realizes that they don't even intend to take him in, just kill him—

**JUDGE:** (whisper) Bastards—



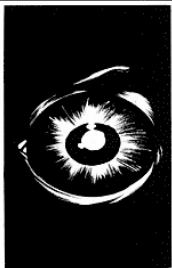
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*Next: "All this was arranged."*





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